

# GOOD WILL HOSE SONG.

AIR—*Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.*

The "*Bleeders*" of fighting so often have boasted,  
But still when we meet them, they never will stand,  
For if they would do so, they'd surely get roasted,  
For they are but boys, and a cowardly band.  
They have to depend on their friends for to back them;  
Surrounded by friends they're in dread of us still,  
We never yet have been afraid to attack them,  
For cowards have never run with the Good Will.

They think they are spunky and so very knowing,  
By threat'ning to whip all the Marshal's Police,  
But soon as they see them, they cease all their blowing,  
And quickly disperse, like a parcel of geese.  
They dread the Tormentors, and always will fear them,  
For we have been ever their bitterest pill,  
They tremble like cowards whenever we're near them,  
A Bleeder will start at the name of Good Will.

They think with their song, they have cut a big figure,  
They think it so clever because it is long,  
Such verses would be a disgrace to a nigger;  
Of all we have seen, 'tis the silliest song,  
'Tis full of vain boasting, and lies without measure,  
They knew nothing else their poor verses to fill;  
They know we can "*drill*" them whenever we've leisure,  
And on their own corners they fear the Good Will.

Then let them attack us whenever they're willing,  
They'll find that we fear not a parcel of boys,  
And then we shall see who will do the most killing,  
And also who's able to make the most noise.  
Here's to the Tormentors, so gallant and clever,  
In fighting their foes they will ever stand still,  
Their name is a dread to the Bleeders forever,  
In spite of their boasting, they fear the Good Will.